

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

Mr. D. J. Hill, Argus Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c., for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

Volney B. Palmer is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

William Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in the city of Baltimore, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 24, 1860.

We are gratified to observe that the Commissioners of our Town have, with a commendable spirit, set about improving the streets and side-walks. Preparations are now being made for grading and paving the principal thoroughfares, so that we may be able to pass and repass in some comfort in wet as well as dry weather. We trust that the work will be vigorously prosecuted to completion.

We are requested to announce that the Rev. Leonidas Rosser, will preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church of this town, this (Tuesday) evening, at 7 o'clock.

DEDICATION.—The new house of worship recently erected at South Mills, Camden, by the Baptist denomination, was dedicated on Sunday last. Rev. C. R. Hendrickson, of this town, preached the dedicatory sermon.

A number of our merchants have gone to the North for the purpose of procuring their Fall and Winter supplies of goods. They will doubtless spread before their customers an unusually rich and varied assortment of everything that is beautiful and rare.

JENNY LIND COMING TO NORFOLK! By the following telegraphic despatch to the Norfolk Argus, it will be seen that there is a probability of Jenny Lind's visiting Norfolk. Wonder if she couldn't be induced to visit Elizabeth City?

NEW YORK, 20th September.

EDITOR OF ARGUS.—Mademoiselle Lind during her visit to the United States wishes to see as much of the country as her engagements will admit of. She has expressed much desire to visit Fortress Monroe and the large ship Pennsylvania at the Gosport Navy Yard. Say, should she visit Norfolk, if she could obtain a room sufficiently spacious to hold one thousand persons, and whether that number could probably be obtained for two cents, at two dollars per head. Should sufficient inducement be offered, we may, (should no other arrangement interfere) visit your city about the middle of October.

THE CANAL.

From every quarter we hear complaints of the closing of this great thoroughfare at this particular time. Its effect is seriously felt by all classes of the community, and trade has been almost entirely suspended in consequence. Why this has been selected as the season for repairing the canal, we are unable to divine. Certainly a more unfortunate period could not have been hit upon. There are several months during the summer when the work could be done without serious loss to any one; but our merchants, farmers, and shippers are always busily engaged in the fall trade at this season, and the suspension of navigation will be more seriously felt than at any other. The farmer cannot get his produce to market—the merchant is unable to dispose of his goods, and the community at large are, in consequence, subjected to much inconvenience as well as great pecuniary loss. Besides, instead of making their purchases and spending their money in Norfolk, where many are in the habit of dealing, and where great inducements are offered, our people are driven to the North and compelled to ship their goods by way of Ocracoke—thus enhancing the cost of transportation and increasing the rates of insurance. There are now in our harbor a number of loaded vessels waiting an opportunity of getting through the canal; and there is an immense quantity of merchandise detained in Norfolk under similar circumstances. This is too bad, and ought not to be tolerated.

Several cargoes of British convicts, murderers, thieves and desperadoes, have recently arrived in N. York, and been turned loose to perpetrate against our laws the same offences for which they were condemned by those of England. This is certainly a very convenient way of getting rid of her refuse population; but the matter cannot fail to excite the most serious consideration of our people.

We understand that the Legislature of Texas adjourned on learning that the Texas bill had passed the Senate—and that they provided for submitting it, if it passed the House, to the people of that State—the Legislature having no power to alienate the territory of that State. The Legislature, therefore, laid the bill for levying troops on the table.

The late storm has proved disastrous in the extreme to the farming community. The Halifax Republican sums up a loss of about 30,000 barrels of corn in that immediate vicinity.

DOINGS IN CONGRESS.

This body is now going ahead with locomotive speed, and the recklessness with which measures are now adopted, has only been exceeded by the protracted agitation of the slavery question, which alone absorbed nine months of the session.

During the last week, the bill abolishing the slave trade in the District of Columbia was passed, and thus completes the series of measures embraced in the so-called Compromise bill of the Committee of Thirteen. This we regard as but the entering-wedge, to further encroachments, and we are sustained in this conviction by the conduct of some of the Northern fanatics, already manifested in Congress, who will now move to abolish slavery itself in the District; and for ourself we freely confess that they have as good right to do this as the other. Attempts have already been made in Congress to place further restrictions on slavery. On Monday, the 11th, Mr. Stevens of Pennsylvania, gave notice of his intention to bring in the following bills:

A bill to abolish slavery in the Territory of Utah;

A bill to repeal so much of the acts establishing territorial governments in New Mexico and Utah as recognizes slavery in said Territories, and as pledges the nation to admit new slave States into the Union; and

A bill to repeal and annul the fugitive slave law, passed September, 1850.

Let them sweep the territories, clear the District, and take a very short breathing spell, and they will then gather up all their energies for an attack upon the citadel itself—the institution of slavery in the States. And we are sorry to believe that there are some in the South, who, having yielded once, will have become so accustomed to submission, as to be unable then to resist.

Mr. Stevens also intimated that he would endeavor to procure an alteration in the present tariff.

The appropriation bills are now engaging the attention of Congress; and the Senate on Thursday voted an appropriation of ten thousand dollars to defray the expenses of Amid Bey, the Ambassador sent by the Sultan of Turkey, during his travels for observation and information through the United States. The appropriation is made as a compliment to the Turkish Empire and its enlightened Sultan, from which now, for the first time in the history of that country and this, a Turkish official minister comes to the United States. The minister in question arrived in Washington city on Wednesday evening, and took rooms at the "National."

The Editor of the "Old North State" calls our especial attention to an article in his paper from the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, which charges that those who sustained Mr. Polk in signing the Oregon bill with the Wilmot Proviso attached, are the only submissionists, &c. We are not surprised that our neighbor should call in any aid from any quarter, so that it will serve to defend him in his course. Now how stands the case? The Oregon bill was passed by Congress and presented to Mr. Polk for his signature. The session was about to close—no other bill could be obtained, and Oregon would have been left to her fate without a government; besides, every body knew that this territory would be free territory, and did not come near as low down as the parallel of 36 30.—Well, Mr. Polk, although he felt the indispensable necessity of a government in Oregon, and saw that this bill was the only one which could be obtained, affixed his signature under a protest. It is rather strange that Mr. Polk should be charged with being submissionists for acquiescing (tho' under protest) in a bill prohibiting slavery far to the North of the Missouri Compromise Line; but it is "passing strange" that this charge should be made by men who have absolutely favored the prohibition of slavery far South of that line! To say the very least of it, it is "Satan correcting sin."

The "Old North State" "would be much obliged to our (his) neighbor if he would inform us to what we are a traitor." This is but another instance of the very peculiar manner in which the "Old North State" man conducts his controversies. He made the attack by calling us an "incipient traitor," but did not "inform us to what we were a traitor," and yet, with characteristic modesty (!) desires us to advance proof of his treachery. This irregular mode of proceeding may suit the convenience, as it doubtless does the inclination, of our neighbor, but he might as well "dare straws at the moon" as to undertake to draw us into it. When he substantiates his charge, and shows that we are an "incipient traitor," then we may set about disposing of him. These being the conditions, we are fully satisfied that he will permit us to enjoy a Rip-Van-Winkle nap of at least a hundred years.—Make good your own side, neighbor, and we will take care of ours.

ANOTHER CUBAN EXPEDITION.—The Norfolk Argus says there is a rumor in the streets of another Cuban expedition, "more extensive in its organization and appointments than any of its illustrious predecessors."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our columns to-day present a very handsome display of new advertisements, in which department our paper continues to improve as its circulation steadily increases. Although it has been in existence but two months, we do not hesitate to affirm that it is by far the best advertising medium in this section of North Carolina. And this fact is rapidly becoming known, as is evinced by the accessions which are constantly being made.

Messrs. Pegram, Paynter & Co., of Norfolk, extensive wholesale and retail dealers, have laid in one of the largest stocks of dry goods ever offered in that market; and we are assured that country merchants and others can procure their fall and winter goods of them at a greater advantage than at the North—their supplies being obtained in part by direct importations from abroad.

The "Ladies' Store," on Main street, kept by Mr. W. J. Graham, will be found to contain a large and varied assortment of beautiful articles of ladies' wear, to which the attention of the fairer portion of creation is especially referred.

The stores of Messrs. Bruff and Smith are also "chock full" of dry goods and fancy articles, beneath the weight of which their counters and shelves are literally groaning.

The sporting season is at hand, and those in want of guns, pistols, cutlery, &c., will find every thing of the kind at the establishment of friend Spratley, on Union street, where we recently had the pleasure of examining some of the most beautiful and substantial specimens of fire-arms and hunting tackle ever manufactured.

Winter is approaching, and you will, of course, need a stove; just step into the next door, and Mr. Delaney will take great pleasure in serving you with any thing of the kind you may require.

Messrs. Bluford & Co., on Newton's wharf, are prepared to furnish you with shoes, leather, carriage trimmings, &c., in any quantity and of the best quality. They have on hand a very heavy stock, embracing every variety of article in their line, which can only be appreciated by an examination.

Their next door neighbors, the Messrs. Nash, will supply you with every conceivable article of furniture.

Agricultural implements and groceries in infinite variety may be procured of S. B. Borum, S. March, J. Hardy Hendren, Josiah Willis, S. S. Griggs, and Daly & Vesey, all of whom will take pleasure in filling your orders.

Oils, wines, liquors, cigars, groceries, &c., may be had of Messrs. Irwin and Marcus, on Roanoke Square.

Hathaway will enable you to while away your leisure hours most agreeably with books and light literature.

If, however, you are unable to go in person, just make your consignments and send your orders to our late fellow-townsmen, J. J. Grandy or D. D. Simmons, whose names are as familiar as "household words" to all of us, and they will be promptly attended to.

Having supplied yourselves with all these useful and ornamental articles, of course you expect to "show them off" to the best advantage, and will therefore want your dwelling neatly painted. If so, our young townsman, Mr. Bland, this morning makes his blundering bow and informs you that he is prepared to execute all orders in a prompt and faithful manner. And now that we have thrust him on the stage, we take occasion to retire behind the curtain and leave him to conclude the scene.

IMPROVEMENT IN NORFOLK.—We last week paid a flying visit to this city, and were gratified to observe the prevalence of a fine spirit of improvement. Many of the streets that have been long neglected have been, or are being handsomely paved. New stores are springing up, and the city is being ornamented with new and elegant residences. The side-walks are lined with boxes of merchandise, and every preparation has been made for an active and extensive fall business.

THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION. We see by recent papers that elections of delegates to the Nashville Convention are going on. That body meets by adjournment in six weeks after Congress adjourns—and will therefore convene about the middle of November next.

THE MAY-FLOWER.—Among all the old vessels which have safely performed the California trip, and finally been laid aside for the present, the harbor of San Francisco, is the "May-Flower." Though at different times repaired and thoroughly re-built, she is still the identical vessel, in timbers and architecture, which landed the Pilgrim fathers upon the rock of Plymouth two hundred and thirty years ago! The great peculiarity of her construction consists in the lowness of the "between deck"—requiring much stooping in walking thereabout. Otherwise her appearance is good; she is very tight, and could yet make many voyages around Cape Horn without danger. Her days are now nearly brought to a close. Being sold as a store ship to Messrs. Cooke, Baker & Co., merchants of San Francisco, her rigging, spars, and yards are gradually being sold to supply other vessels in port, and her hull may possibly, some years hence, be found in the streets of that city, built over and surrounded by other warehouses.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

According to promise, we to-day continue our extracts from the interesting letter of our fair Paris correspondent, the publication of which we commenced last Tuesday. The writer was describing the famous London Tower, when the narrative was abruptly broken off just as the objects of curiosity on the first floor had passed in review—the second now follows:

Next we came to the second floor, or Queen Elizabeth's armoury. The walls of this apartment are of the enormous thickness of seventeen feet. Around about are distributed various arms and weapons of that illustrious reign, in fanciful forms and orders, and also many of the instruments of torture then employed, particularly one called the "caval," or "scavenger's daughter," an engine for locking together the hands, feet and arms of a victim, in a proximity as disagreeable as you could well imagine. Next was the *thumb screw*, used for extorting answers from those who were disposed to withhold them—the same I presume which George III. is said to have tried, until squalid became the torment, that the victim exclaimed, "One turn more, and I will tell you anything!" We stopped at the block and axe, on which Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and the Earl of Essex, were beheaded. Several deep incisions are visible on the block, and I involuntarily shuddered as I fancied the dread agony which attended the execution of those unhappy mortals. I laid my head on the block, and as one of the gentlemen in attendance seized the axe in attitude to strike, I had as near an idea of such a death as I could wish. At the extreme end of the room was the effigy of Queen Elizabeth on horseback, dressed as she was when she rode in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks for the delivery of her Kingdom from the Spanish arms. Before this we viewed a very curious battle-axe. It is related of this axe, that as Henry VIII. was walking the streets of London at night, with in his hand, he was stopped by a watchman, who demanded his name, and some account of himself. The King refused, and the officer led his majesty to what in those days was called the "poultry coozer." I presume from "birds of every feather being there put together"—but now vulgarly styled the *watch-house*. There his sacred person was detained until morning, when he discovered himself, and was, of course, immediately discharged by the astonished watchman, who never dreamed of having had a royal prisoner in his custody! Additional interest was added to this establishment, which, as we learn by tradition, was the prison-lodging of Sir Walter Raleigh. I entered the dark cell, which was shown as his sleeping apartment, on the door of which was inscribed—"He that indveth to the end shall be saved—1533. Be faithful unto the death, and I will give thee a crown of life—1554." [I have given the words just as they were spelled.]

Near the White Tower is the Beauchamp. We ascended by a stone staircase, and there saw the autograph of many distinguished men—among others the Duke of Clarence, Robert Dudley, and Edmund Poole. Under the last named inscription is the word *Jane*, ascribed to the hand of Lady Jane Grey. Opposite the "Traitor's Gate" is the "Bloody Tower," so called from a tradition that the young Princes were there sufficed by order of their uncle, the crook-backed tyrant, Richard III. Adjoining is the Wakefield Tower, in which are deposited the archives of State.

The Tower is surrounded by a moat, over which are draw-bridges, that are hoisted up every evening by a body of soldiers with as much formality as if there was an army in the vicinity preparing to attack it. I viewed this place, so replete with historical associations, with the deepest interest; and left it reluctantly.

On the Monday following we visited St. Paul's all-famous Cathedral, and when I think of it, my feelings glow with a thrill of awe which this stupendous monument of human skill has excited within me. We passed from the grand first floor to the library, the model, the geometrical stair-case, (the first ever invented) and the whispering gallery. Now we begin our ascent to the ball, a height of upwards of four hundred feet, and wind around the steep and confined stair-case. Darkness invested all with a deep solemnity. I touched the first ladder, and my timid heart shrunk back from the perpendicular height; I pushed on, however, and soon found myself in the ball—a small and dusty hole, which scarce repays the trouble of reaching it. Returning, I ventured to peep through the aperture at the top of the second ladder, and caught glimpses of the metropolis, its towers and spires, festooned with its everlasting clouds and smoke. Downwards still I retraced my steps in gloom and maze, and on the golden gallery, which encompasses the dome outside, I whirled around in a rapid waltz and polka. It shocked me, however, by my rattling, noisy companion bare me off without allowing any resistance. Again to the whispering gallery, where we tried several experiments—and down another flight of steps to the main building—Here we took a guide and followed him to the crypt. I gazed quietly and reverentially on the inscriptions over the remains of the noble dead. Dr. Dome seemed to look on me from his marble shroud. It is told of him, that before he died he wrapt himself in his shroud, and ordered his statue to be taken just as he then stood in his sepulchral garb. I stood upon the ashes of the great modern painters. Finally, the guide pointed us to the tomb of Viscount Nelson, which lies under the dome, and informed us that it was prepared for Cardinal Woolsey, but he behaved so badly that he was disgraced and sent elsewhere.—I remembered his fall, and the words which Shakespeare has put in his mouth—"I have ventured on life's bubble," &c. Our guide allowed us but little time for contemplation, and we soon regained the body of the Church. We went around it, and examined the monuments to England's heroes. I was particularly struck by a very grand statue of Samuel Johnson; also that of Nelson which fronted it. I think it was rather a striking contrast, and decidedly unfavorable

to Nelson. It has been remarked by some traveller, that it was unfitting for the statue of such a man to be placed in such a temple. Further on we read the inscription under a group of alto relievo to the honor of Gen. Ross, who fell, as it says, during a "successful attack on the city of Baltimore." This was one of the triumphs of the English in America. Passing on we saw the monument to Sir John Moore. The head of the hero is languidly bowed as in death; while Valor and Victory are depositing him in the earth. 'Tis a monument of great beauty. I cannot enumerate many others which I lingered to see, but after a glance at the choir, with its covering of exquisite finish, and its magnificent organ, we retraced our steps homeward. I have thus examined St. Paul's from the exterior and interior, and the wonder increases at the magnitude of the undertaking. But

"I can't describe it, though so much it strikes—Nor liken it—I never saw the like."

On Tuesday we visited the famous Tunnel of the Thames—paying one penny for the privilege of entering. The Tunnel is 73 feet below the surface of the water, and is lighted by gas. The view down is very fine. Between the two roads are little subterranean shops of every kind, with articles for sale. As we walked along, the sounds of delightful music were distinctly heard, and the echoes rolling through the deep Tunnel were singularly impressive and agreeable. As the passengers passed in going up the geometrical stair-case, it is expected that each one should throw the musicians a penny. We did so, and were amply repaid. Arrived at the top of the stairs, we saw several handsome fresco paintings; and after looking at them, we passed through a gate to the street, and found ourselves on a footing with other people.

I have given you but a hasty and imperfect sketch of only a few of the objects of curiosity which we visited in London. What I would like most to describe, and which is beyond all description, is Westminster Abbey—well worth a trip across the Atlantic to see. But time and space forbid my attempting it.

Leaving England, we next bent our steps towards *la belle France*, and here we are in Paris, the "city of revolutions." A vast concourse is now assembled under my window to catch a glimpse of an old veteran soldier who is passing. It is the anniversary of Napoleon's birthday, and all his old guards and veterans (who have survived) are out; and the one just spoken of is dressed in the uniform of Napoleon's Mamelukes.

We expect to leave for Rome—the "city of the seven hills"—in about a week.

MERCANTILE ENTERPRISE.

We copy the following just tribute to the enterprise of our Merchants from an able article in the last number of Hunt's Merchant's Magazine:

"It is not a little surprising that American mechanics have been able to sustain themselves, much less to successfully compete with those of England, who, under the influence of wholesome laws, are furrowing every sea both by wind and steam, and under the fostering care of that commercial policy which characterizes British nationality, and against the tide of rivalry that is bearing down on the western world. It requires but a glance at the geographical position of the United States, to satisfy the thinking man that they have more to win or lose in this gigantic race than all the world beside; and notwithstanding the warping influence of the restrictive laws upon American commerce enacted in a barbarous age, the historical page has never shown an equal amount of improvement in any science or art, (under similar oppressive influences,) as is exhibited in the complete adaptation of American ships to all the purposes of commerce.

Within a period of thirty years her packet ships have grown in size from 400 to 2000 tons, and her ocean steamships from 300 to 3000 tons burthen. It should not be forgotten, in connection with this, that although to Americans belongs the honor of first navigating the ocean by steam, yet they relinquished the main field of enterprise to embark into more lucrative investments in sailing ships, and, after a lapse of near thirty years, they again launch forth on the billowy tide of competition, and, in less than six years, are enabled, by their success to silence the roar of the British lion, whose bombastic bellows were echoed through the entire English press; and all this, let it be remembered, has been accomplished in the very face of the most unfavorable laws for the measurement of ships—laws that actually invite fraud, and encourage avarice to endanger the lives of confiding passengers, and those whose home is on the deep, while her rival has the best laws that are now known in the commercial world."

We sometimes liken our Federal system, and its relation to the solar system. We can't think we see, that every star is in its place, and that no one has the right to change its position, or disturb the relations which wisdom ordained it should bear to other stars, and to the sun which is the centre of all. He who would interfere with the arrangements of the Heavens, and madly meddle with the stars, and dislodge them from their spheres, and tumble them all into the sun, and "consolidate" them there, would produce no greater ruin in the wise arrangement of the universe, than would that man or set of men produce in our political system, who would madly rupture the relations which our constitution has ordained, to one another, the harmony and existence of the world would be confounded and overturned, so in the other would be our Union and Liberty. These once gone we become anarchy and slaves.—*Southern Argus.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—There is so divine a holiness in the love of a mother, that no matter how the tie that binds her to the child was formed, she becomes, as it were, consecrated and sacred, and the past is forgotten, and the world and its harsh verdicts swept away, when that love alone is visible, and the God who watches over the little one sheds his smile over the human deputy, in whose tenderness there breathes his own.

INTELLIGENCE BY THE CANADA.

SEVEN DAYS LATER NEWS!

Decline in Cotton Market.—Broadstuffs Firm—Decline in the Corn Market—Arrival Out of the Steamers Pacific and Cambria—Gen. Haynau Mobbed in London—Effect of Louis Philippe's Death—The Money Market.

HALIFAX, Sept. 16. The royal mail steamer Canada arrived here this morning, bringing dates from Liverpool to the 7th inst. She left soon after for Boston, where she will arrive to-morrow forenoon, thus making the voyage from Liverpool to Boston in about nine days and twenty hours.

The steamer Pacific reached Liverpool from New York on the 4th inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M., making the passage in 10 days and 17 hours.

The Canbria, which left Boston on August 21st, arrived at Liverpool on the 2d September, making the voyage in 12 days.

The harvests in England have all been secured in good order.

The proceedings of the American Congress attract much attention in England. There will be an average grain crop in England, and the potato crop of Ireland is not so bad as reported.

Farris & Co., cotton merchants of Manchester, have failed.

Marshal Haynau, the Austrian Butcher, arrived in London on Wednesday, and on paying a visit to the Brewery of Perkins & Co., to inspect that establishment, in company with his suite, the clerk discovered his name, and in a short time he was attacked by a large number of laborers and draymen, with brooms and clubs, shouting "down with the Austrian Butcher!" Straw and truss were thrown over his head, and missiles of all kind thrown violently at him.

Finally his hat was crushed down over his eyes, and in this manner he was hustled out, and his clothes torn from his back.

On reaching the entrance gate, he was again attacked by a large number of coal-heavers, and seized, pelted and dragged along on the ground by his lengthy whiskers. When he escaped from them, he rushed frantically into a public house and concealed himself in a closet. The mob rushed in, as if determined on having his life, but fortunately for him, failed to find him.

The affair created the greatest sensation throughout the whole of London.

In Paris, mass has been celebrated for the repose of the soul of Louis Philippe.

It is reported that the Duchess de Orleans has written to M. Thiers to inform him that the Queen, her mother-in-law, and the other members of the family are desirous of his presence at a council to be held at Claremont during the present month.

In France, trade is improving, and wages of workmen have risen higher than ever before.

Nothing of interest from Denmark and the Duchies.

Advices from Hamburg state that the Prussian Cabinet has resolved to induce the German powers to join the grand Congress to be held at Vienna, where the European policy is to be decided.

It is argued in the English papers will have the effect of arousing the ambition of the Prince de Joinville. It is thought the dispute in the Bourbon family will now be healed. An effort will be made to place Prince de Joinville at the head of the French nation.

THE MARKETS.

COTTON MARKET, Liverpool, Sept. 7th.—Cotton has further declined 1d per lb. since previous accounts brought by the Asia. The sales of the week amount to 38,500 bales.

BREADSTUFFS.—No change has taken place in Flour. Sales have been making throughout the week at full prices as quoted at the close of last week.

Wheat remains steady—prices as quoted at the Asia's advices.

There has been a decline of 6d per qr. of 480 lbs. in Indian Corn.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—The money market continues easy—Consols to-day at 96 1/2.

Nothing of importance doing in American Stocks and prices are merely nominal.

Sugar is held at an advance.

Coffee has advanced 2s to 3s at Liverpool, and declined 1d at London.

Molasses is in brisk demand.

The California Courier estimates the number of Chinese in San Francisco at about twelve hundred, and appends some very truthful remarks.

"These Chinese are the most ardent, industrious, and prudent of any class in our city. You never catch any of the queues in any of the haunts of dissipation, and, per consequence, none of them on the police books.—They are generally pretty good mechanics—some of them keep restaurants, and a few trade in nick-nacks and curiosities. When lumber was scarce in the market, a large quantity was brought from Chinese ports, ready framed and matched for ten-footers.

The Chinese are, in some respects, the Yankees of the East. Their redundant population overflows into all the neighboring countries—and wherever they go they are sure to get the cream of all the trade. Large communities of them are found scattered throughout all Eastern Archipelago, where they unfortunately show themselves superior to the people among whom they settle, in civilization, intelligence, industry, thrift, orderly behavior, and all the qualities of good citizens. There is no doubt that the attraction of commerce and gain will draw still greater numbers of them into the Pacific territories of the United States, where they will enjoy what they have never yet possessed out of their own country—a perfect political equality with the people among whom they reside."

George Washington Napoleon, President of the Republic of the Fourth of July, Jean Jacques Crapeau, were the appellations bestowed the other day by a patriotic Frenchman of Cincinnati, at a public christening upon his son, who had been ushered into the world amid the "cannon's loud roar," during the 4th of July, 1848.

ARRIVAL OF THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR.

The Envoy from Turkey, who was announced some months ago, as being on his way to this country, arrived at New York on the 17th inst., in one of our national vessels—L. S. storeship Erie, under command of Lieut. Porter. The objects of this mission have in a measure become known to the country, and we have every reason to believe that the Porte will be welcomed with great enthusiasm.

Capt. Ammir Bey, of the Turkish Navy, has been selected as the Representative to the United States. He is a gentleman of great capacity, and has been employed by his sovereign on numerous confidential missions. He was the secret agent on the frontiers of Hungary and Turkey during the recent struggle of that gallant people with Austria and Russia. The selection of a naval officer of Command as representative of the Ottoman Empire to our first Diplomatic Representative to Turkey. It is a gratifying circumstance that Ammir Bey has been brought to our shore in one of our public vessels, and at so opportune a moment, when the character of the Sultan has become elevated in the eyes of our citizens. It is to be expected our Government will receive with great respect a mission so worthy of marked attention, whether viewed as a courtesy, or in its prospective political and commercial results. The establishing of friendly commercial intercourse with Turkey will open to our artisans and manufacturers a new and important field. We have no doubt this subject will be duly appreciated by the administration. The present opportunity for paving the way for more intimate commercial relations with Turkey than we have hitherto enjoyed should not be lost. The Turkish Minister is accompanied by Mr. John P. Brown, Secretary and Interpreter of the Legation of the United States to the Sublime Porte, and by his dragoman and servants.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

From the New Orleans Bee.

FROM TEXAS.

By the arrival of the steamship Galveston, we have received papers to the 6th inst. They are almost exclusively occupied with the proceedings of the Legislature on the Boundary question.

We learn verbally, says the News, that the bill authorizing the Governor to raise troops, &c., for the suppression of the rebellion in Santa Fe, had passed both branches of the Legislature.

It is thought that the Legislature has adjourned on or before the 6th inst.—At last advices, two important bills were before the Senate. One of them is entitled "an act to levy and collect a direct tax for special purposes." It provides that a special tax of one per cent, on the several assessments shall be collected, the proceeds to be used in purchasing supplies, furnishing transportation for the militia or volunteers, and organizing the county of Santa Fe. The other is an act to organize Santa Fe and suppress rebellion there. It places at the disposal of the Executive, the sums to accrue from various sources; authorizes him to anticipate their reception by making contracts for supplies and transportation of troops; empowers him to suspend the collection of funds if events render it unnecessary, denounces all resistance to this act as a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment; provides for a fair and impartial trial of all persons accused of treason; authorizes the appointment of a marshal for the State, with power to appoint deputies, and authorizes him to arrest persons charged with treason, and to obtain any assistance indispensable to the fulfillment of a warrant to that effect.

On the 26th ult., Mr. Robertson introduced into the Senate a bill making propositions to the Government of the U. States. It is in substance an offer to cede to the United States a part of the country claimed by Texas, for the sum of \$10,000,000. The principal section is as follows:

1st. The State of Texas will agree that her boundary on the north shall commence at a point at which the meridian of 100 deg. west from Greenwich is intersected by the parallel of 36° 30' north latitude, and shall run from said point due west to the meridian of 103° west from Greenwich, thence her boundary shall run due south to 34° of north latitude, thence on the said parallel of 34° north latitude to the Rio Bravo del Norte, and thence with the channel of said river to the Gulf of Mexico.

The bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Another bill has been introduced providing for the organization of the militia. It provides for the levying of three thousand volunteers, or more, if deemed necessary, to furnish their own horses and arms, to serve for a term not exceeding twelve months, to receive pay for their services, &c.—The Governor to take command of them, when mustered into service; and to proceed with them to suppress the rebellion in Santa Fe. This bill was under discussion on the 26th ult.

On the same day Gov. Bell transmitted to the Legislature the letter of Mr. Webster, in answer to his communication. It was referred to a joint committee of both Houses.

A letter from Austin, dated the 30th, announces the passage of the War bill through both Houses, with a proviso that the forces to be raised shall not be marched to Santa Fe, till the fate of the Texas Boundary bill, then before Congress, should be known—the period of delay being limited to the 1st of March next. Another resolution has passed the House, providing that the sense of the people be taken on any proposition for the settlement of the boundary which shall be made by the United States.

The Galveston News learns that the people are opposed to any compromise of the difficulty, and that a feeling exists that "without infamy and disgrace to the South."

"A Good Wife" is unavoidably crowded out this week.—*Col. Eng.*

Very ungentle, Mr. Enquirer! A good wife, when you chance to meet with one, should never be crowded at the

[Rock Den.]

— 878 —

POETRY.

LINES.

BY D'ISRAELI.

My heart is like a silent lute
Some faithful hand has thrown aside,
Whose chords are dumb, whose tones
are mute
That once sent forth a voice of pride;
Yet even o'er the lute neglected,
The wind of heaven will sometimes
fly,
And even thus the heart dejected,
Will sometimes answer with a sigh.
And yet to feel another's power
May grasp the power for which I pine;
And others now may pluck the flower
I cherished for this heart of mine;
No more! no more! the hand forsaking,
The lute must fall and shiver in
While my poor heart, in silence break-
ing,
Responds not even with a sigh.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

THOUGHTS.

Suggested upon receiving a newspaper,
seeming to say "Thou art remembered."

'Tis not so much that I can read
The lines once scanned by thee;
This is the pleasure it affords—
That I remembered be.

'Tis not so much to learn the news
I gladly hail the day;
But this, in absence, glads my heart,
That I remembered be.

I ramble through the lane and wood,
Hear music from each tree—
But dearer, sweeter far the thoughts,
That I remembered be.

It is at twilight's fairy hour,
That hour so loved by thee,
I think of home, and one by whom
I may remembered be.

Yet these are thoughts to thrill the soul,
Bring bliss and ecstasy,
(That I, who lately pined thy heart),
That I remembered be.

And when I wander far in dreams,
Thine image still I see,
Thy words all kindness, as of yore—
I must remembered be.

And then I see thy face again,
And thou wilt smile on me,
I tell thee by a word, a look—
That I remembered thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KISSING ONE'S COUSIN.

BY JEREMIAH SHORT, ESQ.

Why, sir, we were cousins, and pray,
What was there improper in it? Be-
sides, hadn't I been absent five years or
more, and now when I returned and was
kissed by them all, uncle, aunt, nurse,
down almost to the washerwoman, it
was absolutely outrageous that she alone
was to stand out and be obstinate. But
she was so lovely, that I couldn't get an-
gry with her; besides, what use would
it have been to fume and fret her? It
was not the way to conquer—I'd learned
that, anyhow—and it would have been
ungallant in the highest. How should I
win? I had but a couple of months to
stay, and she was so popular that all
the beaux of the country were thronging
in her train. I'd a hard task before
me, and it would have disheartened
many a one—but I had been to the
Black Hills and shot buffalo.

There was one of her suitors named
Thornton, whom she seemed to like bet-
ter than all the rest; and I must say,
during the first month of my visit, she co-
quetted a good deal with him at my ex-
pense. It used to give me a touch of
the old flutter now and then, but I con-
soled myself, that I was not in love,
there was no sense in being jealous, and
besides, Mr. Thornton's favorable re-
ception had nothing to do with my ob-
ject. So I took to humming the Black
foot tune, and teasing my pretty cousin
about her favorite lover. You've no
idea what a change it made. She de-
nied it at first, and then grew absolutely
worried that I wouldn't believe her, and
finally showed a marked preference
for me. I was only a young man, and
cousin, and nobody took any notice of
it. Ah! sir, these cousins play the
deuce with the girls' hearts. They're
always entangling your daughter's silk,
or bringing her the last new novel, or
plucking her a fresh rose, or lifting
her over the pebbly little brook; and
then, too, you let them take such long
walks in the summer twilight—or, ride
for hours alone in a September after-
noon—or, sleigh away for miles on a
clear moonlight night of December with-
out anything but themselves for company—
and all this time, when you are both
just budding into life, and fall in love as
naturally as I smoke my daughter myself;
and, though I was a young man, I saw
a good deal of your love matters—and
let me tell you that no cousin comes pa-
laving about my house, with his flute
and his familiarity, for if he does, I'll
either make up my mind at once to have
him for a son-in-law, or else kick the
young rascal, neck and heels, down the
staircase. Cousins, indeed.

It was just such walks I took with
Ellen. They were all set down to the
score of cousinship, but they were so de-
licious that I regretted that the time had
come for me to depart, and wished that
one's cousin could be with one forever.
But it was of no use; was not worth a
copper dollar, unless I could get some
hearses to marry me for pity, I saw no
way of living without roughing it through
life. I was too proud to trespass upon
the bounty of my uncle, and had carried
it so far as to take my quarters at the
village inn. It may be the good-old man
could see farther than I—he only smiled
and shook his head and left the exposi-
tion to his wife. So it happened my

visit was nearly up. Happy, too happy
had been those months, and my pretty
little cousin was the cause of it all—
She, sweet angel, like all the rest,
charged it to cousinship—but I at last
began to open my eyes, and half sus-
pected the truth, for I had noticed that
my cousin, unconsciously to herself,
seemed very fond of my presence. I
learned it all by close observation, sir; a
faculty that I picked up among the
Sioux. I once admired a cape on a girl's
shoulder, for I do hate your low dresses
—and lo! the next day that I saw my
pretty cousin, the dear creature had such
a modest cape on. I praised the tie of a
ribbon carelessly the next afternoon;
I declare it's every word true, sir—she
met me in the evening with that very
fashioned tie. And yet I don't think
she was conscious of it. These may
seem trifles, my dear sir, but the proudest
of us all have sent the day when each
little proof of affection from the one
that we love has sent a thrill almost
through every nerve in our frame, and in
our ecstasy nearly lifted us from the
earth. Ah, sir! it don't do to laugh at
these trifles; many a noble, many a mo-
narch would have given his broad lands,
his greatest victory, or the finest jewel
of his crown, to win such a trifle from
the one he loved—I'm wandering—the
two months were up—and yet in all this
time I hadn't got a kiss from my cousin.
It was the night but one before I was
to go away. I was determined to make
a last effort. We were sitting by the
window and the folks were next door.
My sweet little cousin looked pensive,
and doubtless felt so; for though I had
been to the Black Hills and shot buffalo, I
was somewhat sentimental myself. It
was just the night for melting thoughts;
and the moon shone tenderly upon the
river in the distance, pouring her silvery
light like fairy verdure on the distant
hills. My pretty cousin sat by my side,
and we were talking of my approaching
departure.

"I will be very busy to-morrow, and
I don't know whether I shall be able to
come here in the evening," said I.

"She slowly raised her head and looked
till her very soul seemed pouring out
from beneath the long black lashes, and
after seeming to look right through me,
answered:

"Why not?—you know how glad we
are to see you."

"Why not?" said I, a little piqued
at the word we, for to tell the truth I half
suspected I was in love with my pretty
cousin, and had, as you know, flattered
myself that it was reciprocal. "Why?
—because I shall be very busy—and
beside, I heard Thornton ask you the
other night to go to B—to-morrow
evening with him—and of course, my
pretty coz, you go."

"There goes that Thornton again,"
said she, "I think of him."

"Ah, but," replied I, wickedly, "why
make engagements on the night an old
school fellow is going away?"

Her gaiety stopped at once. She
hesitated an instant, and then answered:
"I told him I'd give him an answer to-
day, and I thought we were all going
together; but I'll send him a note de-
clining at once; you know you don't
think what you say, cousin."

I laughed it off and directly rose to
depart.

"How very soon you are going!" said
she, in her pretty chiding voice, and I
thought there was something unusually
melancholy in its flute-like tones.

"Are you going to kiss me?" said I
gaily, after a little merry conversation.

"Indeed, I ain't," said she saucily.

"Cousins always do at parting, among
the Black Feet."

"Indeed, in very deed, Mr. Impertin-
ence, you mistake for once, even though
you have shot buffalo at Black Hills,"
and pouted her rich red lips saucily,
but looking for all the world as if
about to give me a flash or two of her
brilliant repartee. But I was in for it,
and I was determined to try whether
love and the Black Hills could not con-
quer reserve and wit. I thought I would
try the latter first.

"Isn't it your duty?" said I.

She said nothing, but looked as if
doubtful whether I was quizzing or not.

"I can prove it by the Talmud," said
I.

A funny smile began to flicker round
the corners of her mouth.

"I can establish it, text by text."

"Indeed!" said she, archly, smiling
maliciously at my anticipated perplexity.
But I was ahead of her.

"Do unto others as you would wish to
be done unto. Ain't it proved, my pretty
coz?"

"Well, really, you deserve something
for your wit, and more for your impu-
dence,—you're quite a logician—did you
learn that, too, at the Black Hills?" and
her eyes danced as she answered me.

I saw I was not to get her in wit,
so I betook myself to my other ground.

"Well, good-bye, coz!"

"So early?"

"Early!" and I began to pull on my
gloves.

"You'll be here to-morrow night,
won't you?" said she persuasively.

"Do you really wish it?"

"How can you doubt it?" said she
warmly.

"But how shall I interrupt a tete-a-
tete with Mr. Thornton?" said I, hesi-
tatingly.

"Fshaw. Mr. Thornton again!" said
she, pettishly.

There was a momentary silence, and
at its end came a low, suppressed sigh.
I began to think I was on the right
track.

"You won't grant my favor—if, now,
it was to mend Mr. Thornton's glove—"
"It's too provoking!"—she burst out in
her old mood, but directly added in a
pensive tone, "how can you think I care
so for him?"

"How can I?—you do fifty things for
him you wouldn't do for me."

"Cousin."

"I ask you for the smallest favor—I
take one for a sample, and you refuse—
you are a very unfair cousin;" and I
took her hand.

"Why?" said she, lifting her dark eye,
till its gaze met mine. It thrilled me,
every nerve. "Why?" and her voice
shook a little.

"Because you never do any thing I
ask you to."

"Indeed I do," said she earnestly.

"I wish I could think so," said I, pen-
sively.

"We were standing by the window,
and I thought her hand trembled as I

spoke; but she only turned her head
away, with a sigh, and without speaking
gazed out upon the lawn. At another
time, perhaps, she would listen to my
language differently—but I was going
away, perhaps forever, and it made her
so pensive. Yet she did not know her
own feelings. Something told her to
grant my boon—it was but a trifle—it
seemed so foolish to hesitate—but then
something whispered to her that she
ought not to do it. But then it would
be so reserved and uncousinly to refuse
—and I might be justly offended at
her prudery. What should she do? I
could hear her breathe and see her snowy
bosom heave as she held her taper fin-
ger in a little puzzle to her mouth. The
conflict was going on between love and
reserve, and yet, poor little girl, she
knew it not.

"And you really won't come to-mor-
row night without—without—she paled
and blushed, while the low, soft, half-
reproachful tone in which she spoke—
softer than angel's softest whisper—
smote me to the heart, and almost made
me regret my determination. But then it
was so pretty to see her look perplexed.

"Ellen, said I, as hurt, I am serious;
you don't think I would trifle with you—
but I never before tried to test the pro-
fessions of those I loved—if one is thus
bitterly deceived, I care not to try again,
and half letting go her hand, I turned
partly away.

"For a second she did not answer, but
she looked upon the ground. Directly a
cloud came over the moon, and just as
the whole room was buried in a sudden
shadow, I heard a sigh that seemed to
come from the bottom of my little cou-
sin's heart. I felt a breath like a zephyr
steal across my face, and what's the use
of denying it? I had conquered.

But a hot tear drop was on my face;
and, as I pressed her hand more warm-
ly than became a cousin, a sudden re-
velation of feelings came across her, the
true secret of her delicacy flashed like
sunlight upon her mind, and feeling how
utterly she had betrayed herself, her
head fell upon my shoulder, and I heard
her sob. My heart stung me; vain,
unguarded sinner that I was, and I
would have given worlds to have saved
her that one moment of agony. But in
another instant, came the consciousness
that I loved her. We spoke no words,
we whispered no vow; but as I felt how
pure a heart I had won, a gush of holy
feeling swept across my soul, and put-
ting my arm gently around her, I drew
her to me as softly as a mother embraces
her first-born babe. That moment I
shall never forget. She ceased to sob,
but she did not as yet look up. It might
have been five minutes, or it might have
been half an hour; I could keep no mea-
sure of time. At least I said, softly—
"Ellen!"

"Will you come to-morrow night?"
whispered she, lifting her dark eyes tim-
idly from my shoulder.

"How can I refuse, dearest?" said I,
kissing the tears from her long lashes.

"Well, what followed, Jeremy?"

"Whiff—whiff."

"What?"

"Yes!"

"Why, Mrs. Jeremy Short, to be
sure."

THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

A SEA SKETCH.

By SILENAUS COBB, JR., for the Flag of the Union.

It was towards night on the twenty-
first of September, 1834. A small Eng-
lish war-brig, which had been fitted out
for the suppression of smuggling, was
lazily creeping along over the heavy,
monotonous swells, just off the coast of
Galway, and on her deck was being en-
acted a scene of somewhat more than
common interest. The day before she
had captured a small boat laden with
contraband articles, together with an old
man and a boy who had charge of him,
and the captain of the brig, whose name
was Dracutt, had ordered that the old
smuggler should be put in irons. To this
indignity the old man made a stout
resistance, and in the heat of the mo-
ment he had so far forgotten himself as
to strike the captain a blow which laid
him upon the deck. Such an insult to
an English officer was past endurance,
and in punishment for his offence the
smuggler had been condemned to die.

A single whiff was rove at the star-
board foreyard-arm, and all hands were
called to witness the execution. The
rope was noosed and slipped over the
culprit's head, and the running end was
rove through a snatch-block upon the
deck. Until this moment the old man
had escaped the lips of the boy, who
trembled as he beheld the awful prepa-
rations, and as the fatal noose was pas-
sed and drawn tight, the color forsook
his cheeks, and he sprang forward and
dropped upon his knees before the in-
censed captain.

"Mercy, sir, mercy."

"For whom?" asked the officer, while
a contemptuous sneer rested upon his
lips.

"For that old man whom you are about
to kill."

"He dies, boy."

"But he is my father, sir."

"No matter if he were my own father;
that man who strikes an English officer
while in the performance of his duty
must die."

"But he was manacled—he was insulted,"
urged the boy.

"Insulted?" repeated the captain—
"Who insulted him?"

"You did, sir," replied the boy, while
his face was flushed with indignation.

"Get up, sir, and be careful that you
do not get the same treatment," said the
captain, in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his
son, and as the last words dropped from
the lips of his captor he raised his head,
and while a look of the utmost defiance
passed over his features, he exclaimed:
"I can die as well now as at any
time; let them do the worst."

Then turning to Captain Dracutt, he
changed his tone for one of deep supplica-
tion, and said:

"Do what you please with me, sir, but
do not harm my boy, for he has done no
wrong. I am ready for your sentence,
and the sooner you finish it the better."

"Lay hold of the whip," shouted the
captain. "Lay hold, every man of you,
and stand by to run the villain up."

In obedience to this order, the men
ranged themselves along the deck, and
each one laid hold of the rope. Robert
Kintock looked first at his father, and
then he ran his eyes along the line of
men who were to be his executioners.
But not one sympathizing or pitying look
could he trace. Their faces were all
hard and cold, and they all appeared
anxious to consummate their murderous
work.

"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a
tear started from his trembling lid; "is
there not one, even, who can pity?"

"Up with him!" shouted the captain.

Robert buried his face in his hands,
and the next moment his father was
swinging at the yard-arm. He heard the
passing rope and the creaking block, and
he knew that he was fatherless!

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt
by the side of a ghastly corpse, and a
simple prayer rested on his lips. Then
another low, murmuring sound came up
from his bosom; but none of those who
stood around knew its import. It was a
pledge of deep revenge!

Just as the old man's body slid from
the gang-board into the water, a vivid
flash of lightning streamed through the
heavens, and in another instant the
drad artillery of nature sent forth a
roar so loud and loud that the men actu-
ally placed their hands to their ears to
shut out its deafening power. Robert
Kintock, who had just been kneeling, what
had caused dread in others' bosoms sent
a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

"O, revenge, revenge!" he muttered to
himself, as he cast his eyes over the foam-
crested waves which had already risen
beneath the power of the sudden storm.

The darkness had come as quickly as
did the storm, and all that could be dis-
tinguished from the deck of the brig, save
the breaking sea, was the fearful,
raging storm, as flash after flash of light-
ning illumined the heavens.

"Light, ho!" shouted a man forward,
and the next moment all eyes were di-
rected to a bright light which had sud-
denly flashed up among the distant
rocks.

The wind had now reached its height,
and with its giant power it set the il-
luminated brig directly upon the surf-bound
shore of rocks and reefs, and every face,
save one, was blanched with fear. In
vain did they try to lay the brig to the
wind, but not a sail would hold for an
instant, until at length the men managed
to get up a fore and main storm-stay-
sail, and then the brig stood for a short
time bravely up against the heaving sea.
But it was evident that even should she
succeed in keeping to the wind, she
must eventually be driven ashore, for
the power of the in-setting waves was
greater than that of the wind.

"Boy, do you know what light that
is?" asked the captain as he stood hold-
ing on to the main rigging to keep his
feet.

"Yes, sir," replied Robert; "it's Bully-
more's crag."

"What is it there for?"

"It marks the entrance to a little har-
bor, sir, which lies in the back of it."

"And can it be entered by a vessel of
this size?" asked the captain, while a
gleam of hope shot across his face.

"O, yes, sir. A large ship can enter
there."

"And do you know the passage?"

"Yes, sir; I have spent my whole
life on this coast, and I know every turn
in it."

"Can you take the brig in there in this
storm?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, while a
strange light shot from his eyes.

"And will you do it?" eagerly asked
the captain.

"On two conditions."

"Name them, quickly."

"The first is, that you let me go in
peace; and the next, that you trouble
none of the smugglers, should they hap-
pen to be there."

"I promise," said the captain. "And
now set about your work." But mark
me, if you deceive me by St. George I'll
shoot you on the spot!

The brig was soon put before the wind,
and Robert Kintock stationed himself
upon the starboard fore-yard arm, from
whence his orders were passed along to
the helmsman. The bounding vessel
came within sight of the rugged crags,
and the heart of every man leaped
with fearful thrills as they were swept
past a frowning rock which almost grazed
them as they passed. On flew the
brig, and thicker and more fearful be-
came the rocks, which raised their heads
on every side.

"Port!" shouted the boy.

"Port, it is."

"Steady—so."

"Steady it is."

"Starboard—quick!"

"Ay, ay, starboard it is."

"Steady—so."

"Steady, it is."

At this moment the vessel swept on
past an overhanging cliff, and just as a
vivid flash of lightning shot through the
heavens and revealed all the horrors
around, a loud shout was heard from the
young pilot, and in a moment all eyes
were turned towards him. He stood
upon the extreme end of the yard and
held himself by the lift. In a moment
more he crouched down like a tiger af-
ter his prey, and then, with one leap, he
reached the projecting rock.

"Revenge, revenge!" was all the doom-
ed men heard, and they were swept
away into the boiling surge beyond.

"Breakers! a reef!" screamed the man
forward.

"Starboard—quick!"

But 'twas too late! Ere the helm
was half up, a low, tremendous grating
of the brig's keel was distinctly felt,
and the next instant came a crash which
sounded high above the roar of the ele-
ments, and the heavy masts went sweep-
ing away to leeward, followed in a few
moments by large masses of the ill-fated
vessel's wreck and cargo. Shriek after
shriek went up from those doomed men,
but they were in the grasp of a power
that knows no mercy. The Storm King
took all for his own!

The next morning a small party of
wreckers came down from the rocks and
moved along the shore. It was strewn
with fragments of the wreck, and here
and there were scattered along the bruised
and mutilated forms of the brig's
crew. Among the party was Robert
Kintock, and eagerly did he search
among the ghastly corpses, as though there
was one he would have found. At length
he stopped and stooped over one, upon
the shoulders of which were two golden
epaulettes. 'Twas the captain of the

INTERESTING BRIDAL RACE.

The conditions of the bridal race are these—
The maiden has certain start given,
which she avails herself of to go in suffi-
ciently distant from the crowd to enable
her to manage her steed with freedom,
so as to assist in the pursuit of the suitor
she prefers. On a signal from the father
all the horsemen gallop after the fair one,
and whichever succeeds in encircling her
waist with his arm, no matter whether
disagreeable or not to her choice, is
entitled to claim her as his wife. Af-
ter the usual delay incident upon such
occasions, the maiden quits the circle of
her relations, and putting her steed into
a hand gallop, darts into the open plain.
When satisfied with her position, she
stretches out her arms towards them as
if to woo their approach.—This is the
moment for giving the signal to com-
mence the chase, and each of the im-
patient youths, dashing his pointed heels
into his courser's sides, darts like the
unheeded hawk in pursuit of his fugitive
doe. The savannah was extensive,
full twelve miles long and three in width;
and as the horsemen sped across the
plain, the favored lover became soon
apparent by the efforts of the maiden to
avoid all others who might approach her.
At length, after two hours' racing the
number of pursuers is reduced to four,
who are altogether, and gradually gain-
ing on the pursued. With them it is the
favorite; but alas! his horse suddenly
falls in his speed; and as she anxiously
turns her head, she perceives, with dis-
may the hapless position of her lover.
Each of the more fortunate leaders, eager
with anticipated triumph, bending his
head on the horse's mane, shouts at the
top of his voice, "I come, my Peri! I
am your lover." But she, making a
sudden turn, and lashing her horse al-
most to fury, darts across their path,
and makes for the part of the chumum
(plain) where her lover is vainly endeavor-
ing to goad on his weary steed. The
three others instantly check their career,
but in the hurry to turn back two of the
horses are dashed furiously against each
other so that both steeds and riders roll
over the plain. The maiden laughed,
(for she well knew that she could elude
the single horseman), and flew to the
point where her lover was. But the on-
ly pursuer was rarely mounted, and was
easily shaken off. Making a last and
desperate effort, he dashed alongside the
maiden, and stretching out his arm, al-
most won the unwilling prize; but she,
bending her head to the horse's neck,
climbed his girth and wheeled off. Ere
the discomfited horseman could again
approach her, her lover's arm was around
her waist; and amidst the shouts of the
spectators they turned towards the fort.
Capt. Brunsdon's Peep into Turkishistan.

A HONEYMOON SCENE.

A correspondent of one of our ex-
changes thus describes a scene that took
place at Saratoga, a short time since, be-
tween a newly married couple, who were
there spending the honeymoon.

A bridal party came down a few days
since. I never saw a more honeymoon-
ish looking set in my life. The bride
and groom looked, walked, talked, and
acted love to the life; a more devoted
couple you never beheld. They were
sitting in the parlor one morning, when
I accidentally overheard the husband say
with a melting tenderness of voice and
manner—

"Did you speak, dearest?"

"No, pet, I did not—I was thinking,"
replied the bride, looking as angelic as
possible.

"Of what were you thinking, my love?"

"I hardly dare tell you, pet."

"What, loveliest of your sex, distrust
your adorer so soon?"

"Pardon, a thousand pardons, dear Ed-
gar, if I have even seemed to wrong so
noble a being."

"Spend like your own true self—like
my fond and dearly loved wife."

"Oh, Edgar, Edgar, you are a flatterer—
you are, I know you are."

"No, no—no—no—no—no—no—no—no—
do—I could not flatter you, the cheris-
hed idol of my soul."

"Oh, you naughty man! You know
how dear you are to me."

"You will tell me, then, good angel,
that you are—my tell, my tell."

"I will—but first give me assurance
that you will not frown on your too fond
Rebecca. A frown, Edgar—may, even
a reproving look from your sweet eyes,
would break my now too happy heart—
Say, then, you will not frown."

"Foolish child! Do the stars frown
when the poet looks up to them for in-
spiration? Does the fond mother frown
when her first born looks up to her eyes
as she nestles still closer in her bosom?
Does love, fond, true, pure love, frown?"

"Oh, say no more, dear Edgar, I know
I know you are the best, the kindest, the
most devoted of men."

"Tell me, then, love, of what were you
thinking?"

"Of you only—only of you, Edgar, my
truth."

"And what of me, my own Rebecca?"

"Alas! what shall I say? How can I
extricate myself from this perplexing
lemma?"

"Speak, loved one, I charge you."

"Dear Edgar, you know."

"Yes, sweet Rebecca, I know."

"That—oh, how shall I say it?"

"Any how—go on, dear Rebecca."

"That if you continue—"

"Yes—continue—"

"To eat—"

"Cabbage?"

"Cabbage?"

"Cabbage—what then?"

"You may catch the cholera, (said
and sob) I may (sob) be left
widow (sob) before (sob) the
(hysterical sob) is over!"

JERSEY AGAINST THE FLOOD.

In Walnut street below Second
thoroughfare is much obstructed
sent by pieces of bricks and other
materials—introduced to be used in
repairing several houses in that
borough. These deposits make the
highway so narrow that two vehicles
cannot pass each other at a certain point.
On Saturday afternoon, a Jerseyman
driving a deacon, met a jockey riding
gentleman in a gig, in the narrow
alleyway, when the following conver-
sation took place:

Genl. in Gig—Mister you'll
give way, I guess. My horse
backed.

Jerseyman—Won't he? Well, I
his humor—I'm pretty much of the
same way of thinking, myself.

Genl. in Gig—I won't give way
we stop here all day.

Jerseyman—It will suit me
to wait here for a week. I've got
ty or thirty fine water-millions
wagon, and I can live on them
as they last—and as for a sleeping
there is nothing better, at this
than a good covered deacon.

Genl. in Gig—If you're goin'
rusty, old fellow, I'll stick it out
horses' droppings for want of fodder.

Jerseyman—Oh, don't trouble
myself with my creature. The water-
rinds are enough for him; he's
fond of 'em. S'pose now we ha-
talk, to improve ourselves a little
we are such high neighbors.
the last news from the gold dig-
Genl. in Gig—The last news
stopping up the road before his
Jerseyman—Rally!—How I would
to see something of that kind in
our parts. And what are they
do with Professor Webster?

Genl. in Gig—Hang him! wish
a few more were bound on
some voyage. If the galloways
its due a few years ago—you
be sitting there where you have
siness!

Jerseyman—That's a fact—I
have been in market before the
selling my water-millions. What
last account of the cholera?

Genl. in Gig—It's spreading
fast since the water-melon sea-
commenced. I hope you'll make a
heavy dinner on them in your deacon.
Jerseyman—Thank ye—I'll just will—
What about the admission of California?

Genl. in Gig—Oh criminy!—
Jersey, I'm beat out, I confess. If
you got on that subject I'll compro-
mise, and clear the track for you
can't make eight dollars a day, a
do in Congress—by staying here
cuss that topic, so take the road to
—d to you.

He backed out accordingly, a
persevering Jerseyman was pro-
victor by the miscellaneous crowd
had assembled to hear the dialog.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALEGORY.

A Humming-bird met a Butterfly, and
being pleased with the beauty of its per-
son, and the glory of its wings, made an
offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply,
"as you once spurned me, and called me
a drawing dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Hum-
ming-bird; "I always entertained the
highest respect for such beautiful crea-
tures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other;
"but when you insulted me, I was a cat-
erpillar. So let me give you a piece of
advice: never insult the humble, as they
may some day become your superiors."

A lady, telling her age, remarked that
she was born on the 2d of April. Her
husband observed, "I always thought
you were born on the first of April."

"People might judge so," responded the
matron, "in the choice I made of a hus-
band."

Yours, &c. J. C.

YORK, York County, Pa.

"NEVER be cast down by trifles. If
a spider break his thread twenty times,
twenty times will he mend it again.
Make up your minds to do a thing, and
you do it. Fear not if a trouble comes
upon you; keep up your spirits, though
the day be a dark one."

If you wish to have enemies, just rise
in the world. Nobody throws cats at a
balloon till it leaves the ground. Talk
as you may, men will destroy what they
cannot imitate.

RETALIATION.

A short time
some young men at Lancaster, Pa.
the idea of doing something such
up a society to suppress tippling
soon as the young ladies an oppo-
operations, they got up an oppo-
and more meritorious society for
pression of tippling. We guess
young fellows found it necessary
render pretty shortly.